

# Amazing Courage of Jessica Brown's Young Earl

*Why He Might Well Be Dismayed  
by the Hard Luck So Many  
Other Men Have Had in  
Finding Durable Wives  
Among the Stage  
Beauties*



The smiling Earl of Northesk

**"I** TAKES all sorts of brave men to make a world," says a shrewd observer of modern life. "Some show their bravery on the battlefield, others in pursuit of scientific knowledge, and still others by marrying stage beauties."

In the latter class of heroes must be placed the young Earl of Northesk, who arrived here from England the other day, as happy as a child with a new jumping jack over the fact that he was the promised husband of Miss Jessica Brown, who emerged from obscurity in Buffalo not long ago to win some prominence as a dancing girl in musical plays on New York's Broadway.

But why, it may be asked, should it require any amazing degree of courage to marry Jessica Brown? Is she not a remarkably pretty and talented young woman? And is she not very much in love with the Earl, and he with her?



what came of those marriages. Not many of them brought happiness for more than a few months and the great majority of them ended in the divorce courts."

The more you think over the matter the more you must be convinced that singers and dancers, actresses and show girls have by their own past performances shown themselves to be very perilous partners for a matrimonial venture. You will be ready to agree that it does call for a large amount of courage on the part of the young Earl to take for a wife the very type of girl with whom so many other men had no sort of luck.

Even Miss Brown herself, whom not only her titled lover but everybody who knows her thinks the most charming of girls, has already been the heroine in one unhappy matrimonial venture. She has long been separated from her first husband, and, although none of her theatrical friends can remember having heard of her securing a divorce, undoubtedly she was legally free from him before she permitted the announcement of her engagement to the Earl of Northesk.

But it is no mere question of Jessica Brown's merits or demerits that makes one think the Earl an amazingly courageous man to marry her. It is the fact that, according to the law of percentages, a marriage such as this probably stands less chance of bringing enduring happiness than any other kind.

If the young Earl could study the matrimonial records of all the stage beauties on both sides of the Atlantic who have been married within the last twenty years or so he might not feel quite so cheerful and confident over his prospects. Perhaps he might even be tempted in his heart of hearts to wish he had fallen in love with some one else.

Of course, the Earl must know what happened to the marriage of Lord Francis Hope, the heir to a dukedom, and May Yohe, the greatest stage beauty of her day and one of the greatest of all time. This ill-fated romance is the one English parents are always citing to their sons when warning them against theatrical entanglements or trying to get them out of ones in which they are already ensnared.

Lord Francis gave his bride the magnificent Hope diamond and lavished every luxury on her. Yet before their honeymoon was barely over she eloped to Japan with Captain Putnam Bradlee

law, although she'd have preferred a girl of wealth and title

Beautiful Jessie Reed whom Dan Caswell, the Cleveland spender, loved and so quickly lost

Strong, son of an ex-Mayor of New York.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the youngest son of the Duke of Leinster, was the envy of all his bachelor friends when he won the heart of May Etheridge, called the prettiest girl that ever set foot on the stage of London's famous Gaiety Theater.

But now, when Lord Edward has succeeded to the dukedom and also come into a comfortable fortune, he and his beautiful wife are parted and undoubtedly will soon be divorced.

Gladys Cooper, the peerless queen of the blondes, and her husband, Captain Buckmaster, fared little better in a romance that started out ever so auspiciously. She is said to have wearied of his devotion to her and he turned for solace to a nameless correspondent who is described as being as pronounced a brunette as Gladys Cooper is a blonde. Their divorce was granted only a few weeks ago in an English court.

It has become a byword in England that the surest way for a girl to reach the peerage is from behind the footlights. Of course, there are many of these alliances which have not yet shown any signs of bringing up in the divorce courts. But there is no telling when they will, and, in any event, they are far outnumbered by the number of marriages between footlight beauties and men of wealth or high social position which have had the unhappiest results.

Here in America the record is one that must be still more appalling to a man in the Earl of Northesk's position.

American stage beauties probably regard marriage more casually than those of any other nation. They are off with one love affair and on with another al-



Geneva Mitchell, not at all broken hearted over the annulment of her marriage to her college boy lover

all to smash. She went back to the stage, and he—well, at last accounts he was reported to be swearing never again to court a footlight beauty.

But in all America there is perhaps no better instance of the difficulty of keeping a stage beauty for a man's love mate any length of time than the experiences of the husbands of the famously alluring Peggy Hopkins Joyce. She has been married and divorced only three times, but in the quickness with which her husbands were disillusioned and ready to cry quits her romantic career comes close to breaking all records.

The third of her trio of matrimonial partners was J. Stanley Joyce, the multi-millionaire lumberman. After spending a cool million and a half dollars in winning and losing Peggy, he is now one of the legions of men who regard the task of holding a stage beauty's love as fit only for a hero—and for a hero who stands ready to face probable failure with equanimity.

The records both of America and his own country can hardly fail to convince the young Earl of Northesk that, no matter how delightful they may be while matrimony lasts, stage beauties seldom make durable wives.

But, of course, he thinks that Jessica is "different from the others"—as, quite possibly, she is. He is sure their marriage will be the exception that proves the rule concerning the fickleness of a footlight queen's heart.

He is so madly in love with the charming little dancer that he probably would not give her up even if he knew the chances were a thousand to one against his possessing her for any length of time.

Rarely has America seen a lover who

seems more enthusiastic in his devotion than this boyish Earl. He swears that Jessica Brown is far more charming than any of the debutante daughters of England's peerage. He is ready to stake his life that she will be as admired a Countess of Northesk as any of the proud ladies who have graced that title since the earldom was created.

Although the Earl's mother, the dowager Countess of Northesk, would have preferred seeing her son marry the girl of title and wealth she had picked out for him, she thinks Jessica Brown will make him an ideal wife. Any rough edges Jessica may have acquired during her struggling vaudeville, musical comedy and cabaret days will, she feels sure, quickly disappear under the refining influences of the British aristocracy.

It was at the Grafton Galleries, a famous London cabaret where Jessica Brown was filling a dancing engagement, that the Earl met her. On his part, he says, it was love at first sight, and the engagement followed so quickly that it could hardly have taken more than two or three looks at him for her to lose her heart.

Jessica cabled the glad news to America and sailed soon after to obtain her mamma's formal consent. Spiteful tongues whispered that she was not yet divorced from her first husband, but she wirelessly from her steamer that she had her final decree, dated last October.

The Earl followed his fiancée to New York as soon as he could resign from the Coldstream Guards, an organization which does not approve of matrimonial alliances between stage and peerage.

He is a tall, good-looking fellow, just twenty-one years old, and not interested in the labor problem, the high cost of living, the choice of a career and other problems that usually worry young Britons. He's more interested in dancing than anything else except his beloved Jessica, and all he asks is the chance to dance through life with her in his arms.

America admires courage and it thinks the young Earl of Northesk is showing it. So it cries, as his wedding bells ring out:

"Here's luck, your lordship! And may your marriage prove that there is now and then a stage beauty who makes a really durable wife."